Hum. My ſtaffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My ſtaffe, I yeelde as willing to be thine,
As ere thy Noble father made it mine:
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it,
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloſter, ſtand vp and go in peace,
No leſſe belou'd of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer this my land. *Exit Gloſter.*

Queene. Take vp the ſtaffe, for heere it ought to ſtand,
Where ſhould it be, but in King Henries hand?

Yorke. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your Grace doth pleaſe.

King. Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſandbag faſtened to it, and at the other doore his man with a drum and ſandbag, and Prentiſes drinking to him.

1 *Neighbor.* Here neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a cup of Sacke; and feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, here's a cup of Charneco.

3 *Neigh.* Here's a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke and be merry, and feare not your man.

Arm. Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affraid.

2 *Pren.* Here Peter, here's a pinte of Claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maſter, fight for credit of the Prentiſes.

Peter. I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more:
Heere Robin, and if I dye, heere I giue thee my hammer,
And Will thou ſhalt haue my aperne: and heere Tom,

Take

Take all the money that I haue.
O Lord bleſſe me I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my maſter, he hath learn'd ſo much fence already.

Salis. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirra, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter forſooth.

Salſ. Peter: what more?

Pet. Thumpe.

Salſ. Thumpe, then ſee that thou thumpe thy maiſter.

Arm. Here's to thee Neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for before wee fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde; for I am come hither as it were of my mans inſtigation, to proue my ſelfe an honeſt man, and Peter a knaue: and ſo haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuis of South-hampton fell vppon Aſcapart.

Pet. Law you now, I told you hee's in his fence already.

Alarmes, Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

Arm. Hold Peter, I confeſſe, Treaſon, treaſon. *He dies.*

Pet. O God I giue thee praiſe. *He kneels downe*

Pren. Ho well done Peter. God ſaue the King.

King. Go take hence that Traitor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iuſtice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Duke Humfrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Hum. Sirra, what's a clocke?

Seruing. Almoſt ten my Lord.

Hum. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady ſhould come by this way,
In ſhamefull penance wandering in the ſtreets.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,

When